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THE DAILY TIMES. SUNDAY, - - - OCTOBER 31.

CHRIST'S SENTENCE OF DEATH.

An Alleged Copy of the Most Memorable Judicial Sentence Ever Pronounced.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the Journal De Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian.

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove:

- 1. Jesus is a misleader.
- 2. He has excited the people to sedition.
- 3. He is an enemy to the law.
- 4. He calls himself the Son of God.
- 5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.
- 6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion Quirillus Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

- 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
- 2. John Zorababel.
- 3. Raphael Robani.
- 4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the discovery of arts in the French army of Italy.

Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Casert. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army.

The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Dennen had a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,800 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospel.

CLAUDE AND PO-LEEN.

The Perfunctory Charles—How Mary Anderson Made Music in the Air.

Charles Coghlan's account of the deep vale shut in by Alpine hills is like Carlyle's account of the ballet. He doesn't believe in the deep vale at all. It isn't in his fervid fancy—it's all in his eye.

But, by Jove, my boys! that vale exists in every young brain, just as much of a verity to young hopes as the Vale of Cashmere is to a boarding-school miss, or the vale of tears is to an old maid.

Charles Coghlan either never understood or he has outgrown the understanding that Claude and Po-leen are the radiant realities of that condition of existence when we hope all things and dare all things, and never ought to be thrummed to the silver moon by a man who has got to the condition where he doubts all things.

Pauline when greatly done has usually been made an exposition of tumultuous and scornful pride, tempered with a most obsequious sycophancy. It is just at this point that Langtry is serenely weak and new. There is not the faintest hint of the termagant when the palace by the Lake of Como turns out to be a room and bedroom without modern conveniences.

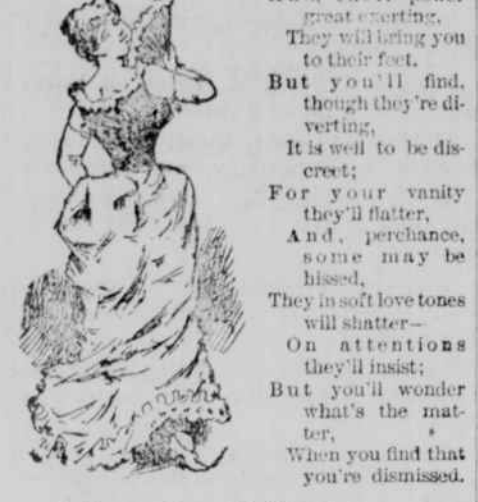
Mary Anderson used to rise up like the proverbial Mr. Riley at this point, and the decks were cleared for action. With something of the diapason of the late Mr. Forrest and something of the acidity of the late and early Devereux Blake, she gave Mr. Melnotte strong indications of music in the air.

When on such occasions Pauline doubled up her fists, let down her chest notes, and knocked over all the furniture with her train as she rampaged round, there was some excuse for Mr. Melnotte's instant desire to return her to her father, "pure as yesternorn," etc. The suggestion of a divorce was most natural and politic, merely as a matter of protection to the property.

Mary gave every one to understand that she was a superior person. She hurled the idea at Melnotte especially.—Nym Crinkla.

A BALL ROOM PANORAMA.

With Portraits of the Maidens One is Apt to Jostle There.



There are maidens fond of flirting— You will find them charming sweet; And, their power great exerting, They will jostle you to their feet.

But you'll find, though they're diverting, It is well to be discreet; For your vanity they'll flatter, And, perchance, some may be hissed, They in soft love tones will chatter— On attentions they'll insist; But you'll wonder what's the matter, When you find that you're dismissed.

Under guidance parental, You will see at any ball, Maidens grave and sentimental Who fond suitors would enthrall, And in manner transcendental They will sigh with one and all; They will talk to you for hours On the beauties of a star, Lipping praises of the flowers, And of sylvan dells and bowers, Till you wonder where you are.

There's the rich old merchant's daughter— She's too wealthy to be sold— But, though many men have sought her, Still her hand she does withhold.

For she must, her mother's taught her, Buy a title with her gold. She may smile when you address her, If of lords there is a dearth.

But 'tis useless to impress her With your honesty and worth. For she'll think you an aggressor If you're not of noble birth.

Then there's she who's sweet and pretty, Who is stately, fair and tall, Who is clever, who is witty, Who is belle of all the ball; But she's poor, and that's the pity. For her wealth does her enthrall.

Of her charms you'll never tire, But you'd best be not too bold, For she has a poor old sire Who intends she shall be sold.

And some wealthy man will buy her, Who's decrepit, mean and old. —Chicago Herald.

THE POET'S WAIL.

O, the autumn days are coming, When the bees have stopped their humming, And the partridge lone is drumming In the coo upon the hill; When the leaves are slowly falling, And the sable crow is calling To his mate to stop her squalling With a wild and mournful trill;

With a wild and mournful trill; Autumn winds the boughs are rustling, And the towns again are bustling, While the countryman is bustling With his apples and his corn; Days of Johnny-cake and bacon, When the woods are all forsaken, And the meadow-larks have taken Flight across the fields forlorn.

'Tis the season melancholy, Days when Nature is not jolly; Soon the welcome Christmas holly Will be hung o'er banquet hall; Snows of winter will be over us, And the season soon will bore us When in manner quite decorous We must seek the evening ball;

For the summer days are over, Withered are the fields of clover, And each merry woodland rover On his haunts no more does dote; And the question now, my dearie, That doth make me feel so weary, Is the old one, dark and dreary, Can I wear last winter's coat?

—Henry Tholens in Tid Bits.

Lemon juice and sugar, mixed very thick, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. It must be very acid as well as sweet.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Frances Hodgson Burnett has a weakness for aesthetic clothes.

LOADED FOR BEAR.

Farmer McCue Shoots Thirty-seven Buckshot at Once from his Trusty Gun.

WALTON, Oct. 23.—Joseph McCue of Sullivan county is a little set in his opinions, but owns up like a man when he finds that he is wrong. The other day he was working in his turnip patch, which is right across the road from his house. There are not many neighbors in the part of Sullivan county where Mr. McCue's farm is, which is the Beaverkill country, near the Ulster county line. Mr. McCue had heard a quail whistling in his turnip patch, and had taken his shotgun with him, thinking that maybe he might get the quail for his supper. As the farmer worked he was finally brought with his face toward the road, and he caught a glimpse of something passing along. Farmer McCue raised himself up. As he looked toward the road his eyes opened very wide. As they opened Mr. McCue exclaimed:

"By gee!"

What the farmer saw was a bear, and it was slouching deliberately along in the road, past the house. There was nothing but bird shot in Farmer McCue's gun, but he felt that he must get that bear. He seized the gun and fired both barrels at brain. The bear stopped, looked in a deprecatory manner at the farmer, and then passed on. The farmer watched it until it disappeared in a bend of the road. Then he examined the hammers of his gun and blew into the barrels. Satisfied that the gun had gone off, he exclaimed:

"Missed him, by gee!"

Farmer McCue finished his work in the turnip field and went to the house.

"If I had gone out loaded for bear," said he to his wife, "I couldn't have seen my way, the quails would have been so thick. But there I was laying for quail, and what do I flush but a bear as big as a yearling colt! If that bear bothers me to-morrow, though, I'll be sorry for him, and I'll load the old gun now. Mother, count me out thirty-seven buckshot for each barrel!"

"You mean nine, Joseph," said Mrs. McCue.

"Thirty-seven, mother, for each barrel." "Nine buckshot, Joseph, is a big load for any gun, and will kill an elephant!"

"Nine buckshot won't hurt a coon, mother, and I'm after bear. Thirty-seven is what I want, but it isn't enough. I've a notion to put in forty-seven, to make sure. No, I'll take thirty-seven; but thirty-seven ain't enough."

So Farmer McCue put in a double charge of powder and thirty-seven buckshot in each barrel. Mr. McCue is a good farmer, but his early education as a hunter was sadly neglected.

"Now let that bear trespass on me again, by gee!" said Farmer McCue.

The next day he went to work again in his turnip field. His gun, loaded for bear, was with him. He had no idea of seeing the bear, so that when in making a turn in the field he came almost face to face with it, evidently enjoying itself among the turnips, from the way it was pulling them up and munching them, the farmer was obliged to open his eyes wide again and exclaim, with more vigor than before: "By gee!"

Farmer McCue was bound to get the bear, however, and, backing off a few feet to where his gun lay, he picked it up, took good aim at the bear, and fired.



And fired.

Mrs. McCue heard the report at the house. It made the windows rattle, and reverberated among the hills like a Fourth of July salute. The farmer's wife ran to the door and looked over into the turnip field. There was a thick cloud of smoke over by the stone wall, where she had last seen her husband at work.

"Joseph must have killed the bear," she said.

But there was no bear and no Joseph to be seen. Mrs. McCue ran down into the field. She had not gone far before she saw the body of the bear stretched out among the turnips. Looking further, she saw Farmer McCue also stretched out among the turnips, as stiff as the bear. Just then Farmer Rose and his son, neighbors, happened to be driving by. Mrs. McCue hailed them. They carried Mr. McCue into the house. One side of his face was as black as his hat, and swollen three times its natural size. His right shoulder was dislocated, and his arm was black and blue from the shoulder to the elbow. It was a good while before he could be brought to. Then he opened his left eye, and, looking at his wife, said, firmly, but feebly:

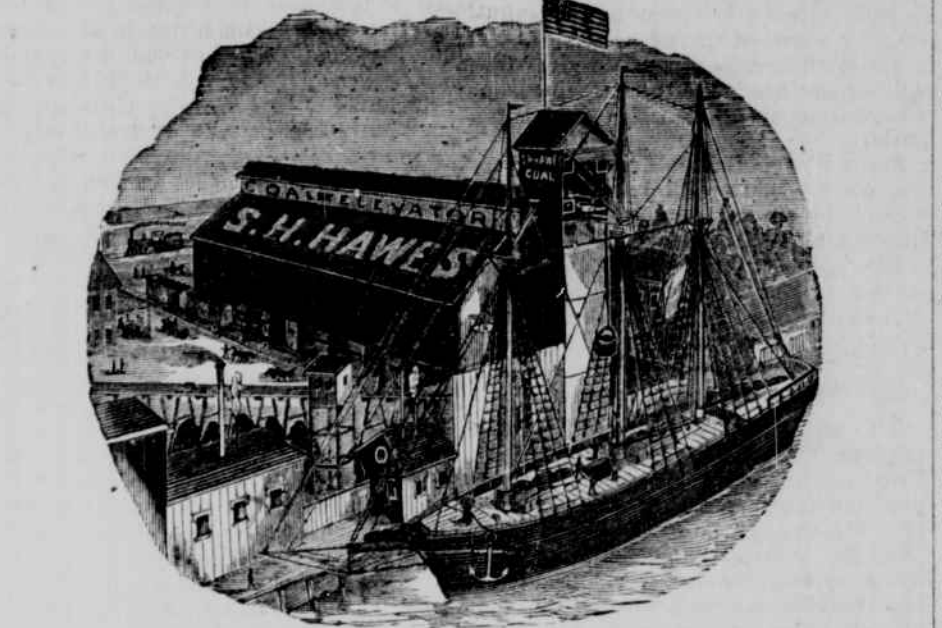
"Mother, thirty-seven's enough!"

There was a hole through the bear, amidstships, big enough to run a stovepipe in. Farmer McCue, a little set in his opinion as he is, but willing to own up like a man when he finds he is wrong, is doing as well as could be expected. —New York Sun.

A child who was sitting in the sun was admonished by her mother: "My dear, come out of the sun." "No, mother," said the little girl, with emphasis, "I got here first."

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RAILROADS.

NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

TIME.	WESTWARD.	
	DAILY.	DAILY.
Eastern Standard.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Leave Norfolk	5:30 pm	9:50 am
Leave Suffolk	6:15 "	10:34 "
Arrive Petersburg	8:15 "	12:30 pm
Leave Richmond (via R. & P. R. R.)	6:30 pm	11:30 am
Leave Petersburg	8:25 pm	12:40 pm
Leave Burkeville	10:17 "	3:00 "
Leave Farmville	10:53 "	3:37 "
Arrive Lynchburg	12:30 am	5:35 pm
Leave Lynchburg	1:10 am	6:10 pm
Leave Liberty	2:05 "	7:00 "
Leave Roanoke	3:25 "	8:20 "
Leave Christiansburg	4:57 "	9:40 "
Arrive Central	5:00 am	10:00 pm
Leave Wytheville	6:23 am	11:30 pm
Leave Marion	7:23 "	12:20 "
Leave Abingdon	8:22 "	1:26 "
Arrive Bristol	8:45 am	1:50 "

+ Daily except Sunday.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Bristol and Norfolk on Trains Nos. 1 and 2.

CONNECTIONS.

Leave Norfolk 9:50 am daily with through car to Richmond, and 5:30 pm daily. Arrive Richmond 1:30 pm daily and 9:20 pm daily, except Sunday.

Leave Richmond via R. & P. R. R. at 11:30 am daily, connecting with No. 3 west bound at Petersburg, for all points on line of N. & W. R. R.

Leave Richmond at 11:30 am daily, and 6:30 pm daily, except Sunday, with through car to Norfolk, arriving at Norfolk 3:10 pm daily, and 10:00 pm daily.

All inquiries as to rates, routes, etc., promptly answered.

If you are going to travel, drop a letter or postal to Allen Hall, Travelling Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

CHARLES G. EDDY, Vice-President. W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. General office, Roanoke, Va. oc 22

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO ROUTE SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT SEPTEMBER 13th, 1886.

8:45 pm	LEAVE RICHMOND: For Newport News, Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, daily except Sunday.
11:25 am	Through and Local Mail to all points West. Sleepers from Clifton Forge to Huntington, except Sunday.
3:30 pm	For Newport News, Old Point and Norfolk. Except Sunday.
4:00 pm	For Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans. Fast Express, with through Pullmans Daily. Only route running Pullmans West from Richmond.
6:25 pm	Sunday excursion to Newport News and Old Point, 8 am.

ARRIVE RICHMOND: Charlottesville accommodation. From Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport News, except Sunday.

3:40 pm From Local points and the west, except Sunday.

6:15 pm From Old Point and Newport News, and Norfolk, daily except Sunday.

8:55 pm From Louisville and Cincinnati. Fast Express daily. Sunday excursions from Old Point and Newport News arrives at 6:15 pm.

Depot: Seventeenth and Broad streets. Ticket-offices: 1,000 Main street and depot. H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent. Wms. C. WICKHAM, Second Vice-President.

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RAILROADS.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE. RICHMOND AND DANVILLE SYSTEM.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JULY 4, 1886.

Train No.	Leave Richmond.	Train No.	Arrive Richmond.
50	*3 20 pm	51	*3 30 pm
52	*2 00 am	53	*7 00 am

Bon-Air Accommodation leaves Richmond 6 pm; arrives Richmond 8:41 am.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE. On trains 52 and 53 sleeping-cars are run between Richmond and Greensboro'. These cars are open at 9 pm for passengers. Sleeping-cars are also run on 52 and 53 between Danville and Montgomery, Greensboro' and Raleigh; on trains Nos. 50 and 51 sleeping-cars are run between Danville and Atlanta.

CONNECTIONS. Train No. 52 connects at Greensboro' for Raleigh, Goldsboro', and Morehead City; at Salisbury for Asheville and all points in Western North Carolina; at Charlotte with Charlotte, Columbia, and Augusta railroad for Columbia, Augusta, Aiken, Savannah, Charleston, and Florida; also with Carolina Central railroad for Wilmington, &c.

Train 52 has Pullman Buffet sleeping-car from Danville to Augusta, making close connection for Charleston, Savannah, and Jacksonville.

Trains Nos. 50 and 51 make close connection at Salisbury, to and from Asheville, and all points on the North Carolina division. Pullman sleeper is run on these trains between Greensboro' and Hot Springs, and Greensboro' and Raleigh.

TRAINS ON YORK RIVER LINE.

Leave Richmond	Arrive Richmond
*2 45 pm	*10 15 am
*4 45 pm	*8 30 am

Trains leaving at 2:45 and 4:45 pm, connect at West point daily, except Sunday, with boat, arriving at Baltimore 7:45 am. Fast train leaving at 4:45 pm, makes no stops between Richmond and West Point.

Fare Richmond to Baltimore only \$2, first-class; \$1.50 second-class.

*Daily. +Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.

Depot and ticket office foot of Virginia street; up-town office, corner Tenth and Main streets. JAMES L. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent. Sol. Haas, Traffic Manager. E. B. THOMAS, General Manager.

RICHMOND AND ALLEGHANY RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS IN EFFECT JUNE 13th, 1886.

TWO DAILY TRAINS EXCEPT SUNDAY BETWEEN RICHMOND AND LYNCHBURG.

Leave Richmond.	Through Mail	Accommodation.	Night Express.
10 30 am	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 9.

Arrive Richmond. 1 36 am, 7 38 pm, 11 50 pm. Howdsville 2 03 am, 8 10 pm, 12 41 pm. Lynchburg 4 30 pm, 4 30 pm, 4 30 pm. Lexington 6 55 pm, 7 22 am. Clif'n Forge 7 50 pm.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN LEAVES 8:00 A. M. ARRIVE RICHMOND. 5:10 pm MAIL daily (except Sunday).

9:55 am ACCOMMODATION daily (except Sunday).

7:50 am NIGHT EXPRESS daily (except Monday).

7:15 pm SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION. CONNECTIONS.

At Richmond with associated railways and Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad; at Lynchburg with Virginia Midland railway, and Norfolk and Western railroad; at Clifton Forge with Chesapeake and Ohio railway; at Lexington with Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Sleeping car attached to NIGHT EXPRESS for Lynchburg.

Trains marked + daily except Sunday. Tickets sold to all points. Offices: 918 east Main street, 1000 Main, and at Richmond and Alleghany depot, Eighth and Canal streets.

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